

*The Second* ELECTRONIC  
Book OF

UNGAUNGS



SETH K. DEITCH

















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# Introduction

Here we are again. Since this book will be on line, I will never have a clear idea of exactly who has read it. If I were to flatter myself, I would wonder how many people would walk past this eccentric looking old guy not knowing that they have seen his dreams. It probably really isn't that many. I think it is a fairly rare thing that people are really interested in the dreams of others. Not their aspirations, not *those* kinds of dreams. The dreams that come to one in their deep sleep and are tales one's deepest, most honest personality tells itself in the inner sanctum of its own unconscious mind. **Those** dreams. Not a lot of people really want to know that brutal, no rules inner vision from someone else. They tend to be sensitive to the idea that in our society the public persona is all that should be seen. Dreams run the risk of revealing truths about the self that just make everyone a bit uncomfortable. The truth is, most people likely try not to over analyze their own dreams, let alone those of anyone else.

Creating literature from one's dreams must seem like a cheap trick to some people. I am not setting out to make a coherent, plotted story. I am recording as best as memory allows these fragments generated by my brain when it is half powered down. There is no pressure to make it into something others will understand. My mind is speaking to itself.

As an adult, I have never been one to **interpret** dreams. I don't overrate their meaning. It is fun to watch their mechanics, the goulash of material taken from my waking memory of events, thoughts and speculations projected in an inner theater without the censorship of society or the filter of morality! Exhilarating!

I make no claims of special understanding. I make no claim that this examination of my unconscious meanderings constitutes some sort of healing journey. I make no claims that it is even educational, although some others have on occasion. If those few believe they have learned something, then good for them!

My singular claim is that I find the stories that I tell myself in my dreams are entertaining to me.

-Seth K. Deitch 5/15/2021







I am helping a woman friend of mine (a real person in my life) alphabetize her library. For some reason she wants them arranged by title rather than subject or author and she has about 4000 volumes.



While we are working we are watching election returns for the Indian state of Rajasthan.




The space being used looks like a school library but the shelves are all empty and the books are stacked up in the middle of the floor. We are working surprisingly fast with only a few moments of indecision.



There are two books titled "Gorky" One of them is a biography of tragic artist Arshile Gorky and the other a description of the Soviet city of Gorky, now known as Nizhny Novgorod. We are having a disagreement over which should be first. I hold it should be the biography because his first name begins with A, while she believes that a city should take precedence over a person. Thankfully there is no biography of Maxim Gorky to further confuse things.

While we are working I am telling her about an invention of mine, A single wheeled cube shaped car that can be parked anywhere. She is skeptical.






The doorbell rings and  
I go to answer it.

The door opens directly on a wheat field and standing at the door is a lush-figured farm girl wearing some sort of traditional Eastern European farm girl type dress. It is richly embroidered and exposes quite a bit of cleavage. The girl has big blue eyes and long blonde braided pigtails. She has a couple of cows milling about behind her. She seems to speak mostly Ukrainian with only a few words of heavily accented English. She is nonetheless, quite charming!





A wicker basket filled with several cookies decorated with colorful icing in floral and geometric patterns. The basket is tied with a large red ribbon bow. The background is a dense pattern of Oreo cookies, with a central area featuring a green and purple marbled pattern.

It turns out that she is selling homemade cookies. She has them in a wicker basket decorated with a red ribbon. They are cut into a number of shapes and have intricate colored icing. They look delicious. I tell her to wait a minute.

I go inside and tell my friend about the girl selling cookies and how they look like totally awesome cookies and we need to get some of these cookies! She says "We already have some Oreos."



"You should see these cookies! Oreos are pure crap next to these!" I get her to come to the door to look at the cookies. She comes to the door and I point at the cookies in the basket, but my friend is staring at the girl's breasts with an expression of disapproval. I think she had been expecting to see a Girl Scout standing there rather than a rural sexpot.



She looks at me rolling her eyes. "We have Oreos." she says, and goes back to sorting books.



The farm girl lets a tear run down her cheek. "If you are not buying of my cookies, the cows, they will dying!" I have no idea why selling cookies will preserve the lives of the cows, but they are looking at me with big, sad cow eyes and I know that I \*must\* buy some cookies. I pull out a ten and hand it to her for the basket of cookies.

The girl starts full out blubbering and throws her arms around me and kisses both my cheeks. I am very aware of her breasts nestled softly against me. Looking over her shoulder I can see that the cows are smiling.



From behind me I hear "These books aren't going to shelve themselves!" I am very tempted to close the door behind me and go sell cookies with the farm girl, but I chicken out and go back inside.



The cookies are really great. My friend won't even look at them let alone have one.

You don't know what you're missing!

I don't care. We still have a ton of books here.

Things change. The cookies are gone, the books are gone. We are somewhere else. It looks like the gym from the YMCA I used to go to when I was a kid. My friend wants to play on the parallel bars which she calls "monkey bars". I'm just watching her as she performs stunts on the bars, spinning herself, doing flips, walking tip toe on one of them.

The dream fades...



I dreamed about  
making  
love to a  
woman with  
big  
powerful  
legs!



SKD  
2020



# Dream Journal 3/17/2021

I am naked save for that I am wearing a pair of socks and am wrapped in a bed sheet.

I am making my way across a smooth surface of ice in a howling wind. I can see no horizon.

The ice looks like it goes on forever and I assume that I will die soon of exposure.



I spot in the distance a small wooden shack on sled runners and realize that it is an ice fishing hut. It looks like my only salvation so I make my way toward it as it is my only chance to survive this ordeal.



As I get closer, the door of the shack opens and a beautiful brown-skinned woman in an ice blue sari steps out. I immediately recognize her as a famous Bollywood starlet named Devi Sanyal (she does not exist in real life so far as Google or IMDB can tell). Devi says that she has been expecting me and takes me quickly inside the shack.

The shack is bigger on the inside than it is on the outside. There is a potbelly stove that seems to be efficient enough to make it very hot inside.

There is a small table and a couple of simple wood chairs. There is a small single bed against a wall and a cupboard that contains canned food and dishes. The place has only one tiny window just a little larger than a playing card. It is set in the door at eye level. There is a small square door in the floor, presumably to give access to the ice for fishing. I do not see any fishing equipment however.







To my surprise Devi removes her sari. She is almost completely nude underneath except for a broad white ribbon around her breasts.

She has a lush figure. She sees that I am staring at her and says "It is very hot in here!" She points at my sheet indicating I should get rid of it, but I choose not to.

She has me sit at the table and places a bowl of spicy noodles in front of me. They smell of Thai style peanuts sauce. I don't remember actually eating them.



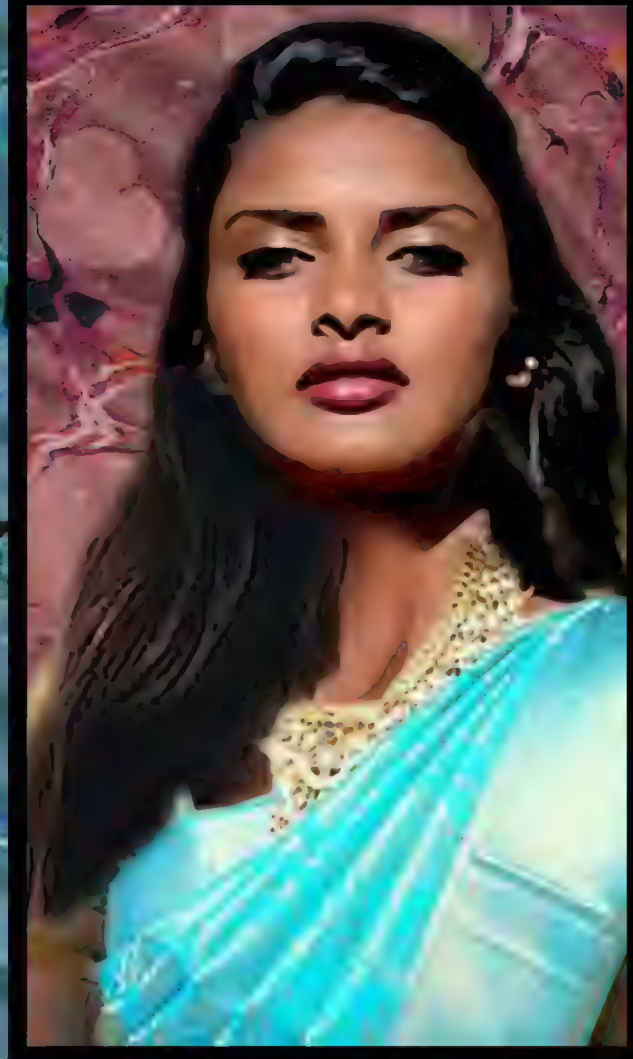
Devi says that I need to warm up. She removes the ribbon freeing her rather spectacular breasts and pulls the sheet off of me and has me get into bed with her where we lay tightly spooned with me against her back. My arms are around her with my hands resting on her breasts. Although I am consciously trying to refrain from squeezing and caressing them, my success in that regard is limited. I become aroused which there is no way she could not notice, but she neither pulls away nor does she offer encouragement. It seems like a long time that we lay that way and I am in fact very comfortably warm.





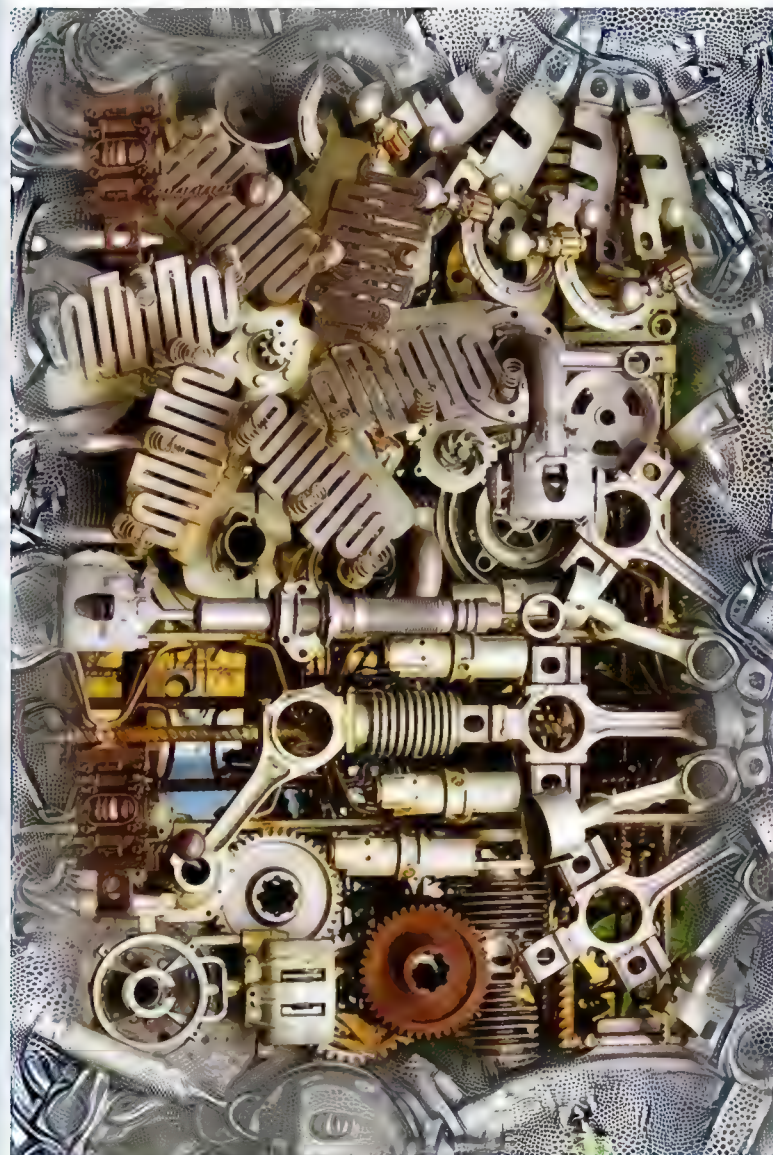
It is later.

Devi is again dressed in her Sari, but I am wearing only a pair of sneakers.



I go and open one and see that it contains a bunch of metal parts for a

There is a pile of unusual cigar boxes stacked against one wall. They are shaped a bit like an old "cathedral" style radio but with extra curves. They look like something Jim Woodring might have designed.



machine and a booklet of instructions for their assembly.



654. When attaching gear #61 to spring box #18, please remember that spring tension debe ser mantenido.

655. The CNX conjunto de oscilador must be carefully inserted into support frame D at insertion points 16 and 17. Do not over flex the base plate during insertion.

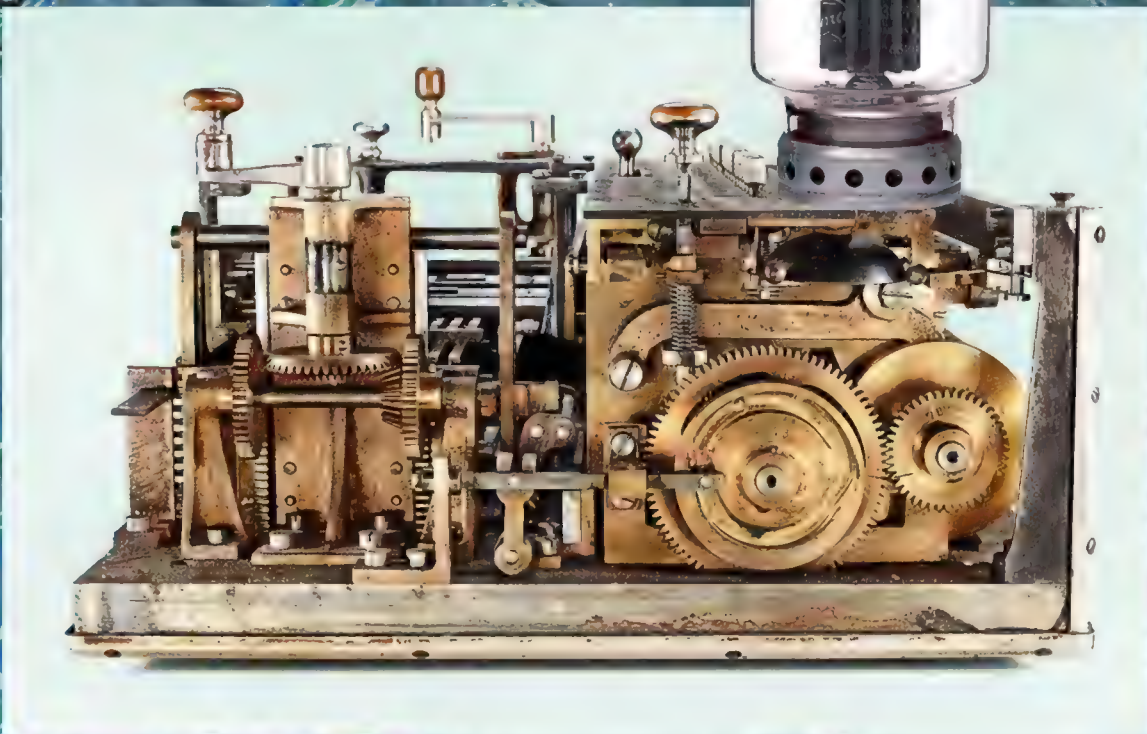
656. Use the 15 CM piece of cable de campana to connect screw posts 67 and 72.

657. Carefully solder the mount for the AO-42 tubo vacio to the indicated location on the board. Do not insert el tubo itself yet.

658. Muy prolijamente apply seven wraps of the thin silver tape around post #13. Hold in place with a single wrap of electrical tape.

659. Mount gears 23, 14 and 17 on their pinions and insert the pasadores de chaveta.

I assemble the device on the small table, a thingababob with some spinning wheels and gears and several glowing vacuum tubes. It makes a soft "pop-pop" sound as it runs. It is unclear what it is supposed to do.



I can read the instructions which, although in English, have a bunch of Spanish words thrown in. There is no tool box, but I somehow always have the tool I need in my hand.

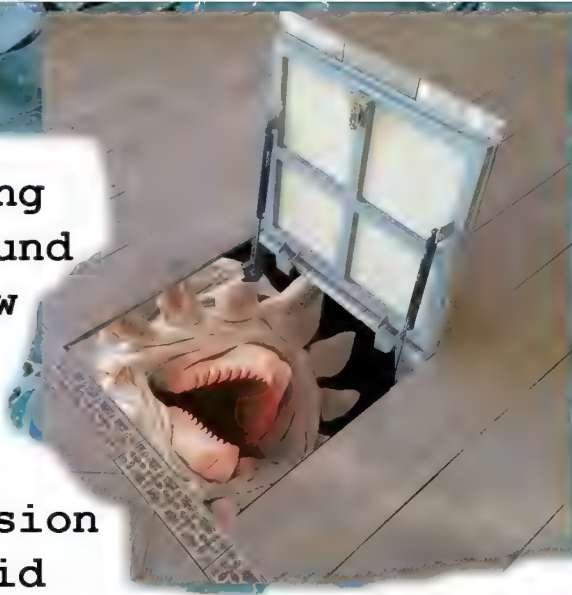


I turn to ask Devi if she knows anything about these boxes and this device but she is no longer there. Her sari is hanging from a hook on the wall.



I open the door to see if she is outside, but there is nothing but a white void.. I open the tiny door in the floor and look down. There is a neat round hole in the ice and I can see a number of large, scary marine worms with colored

scales and snapping jaws swimming around in the water below the ice. The hole in the ice swells to encompass my whole field of vision and I become afraid that I will fall into the icy water with the terrifying worms.



I wake because i need to pee and have to get to the bathroom very quickly.



# WALKING IN DREAMLAND



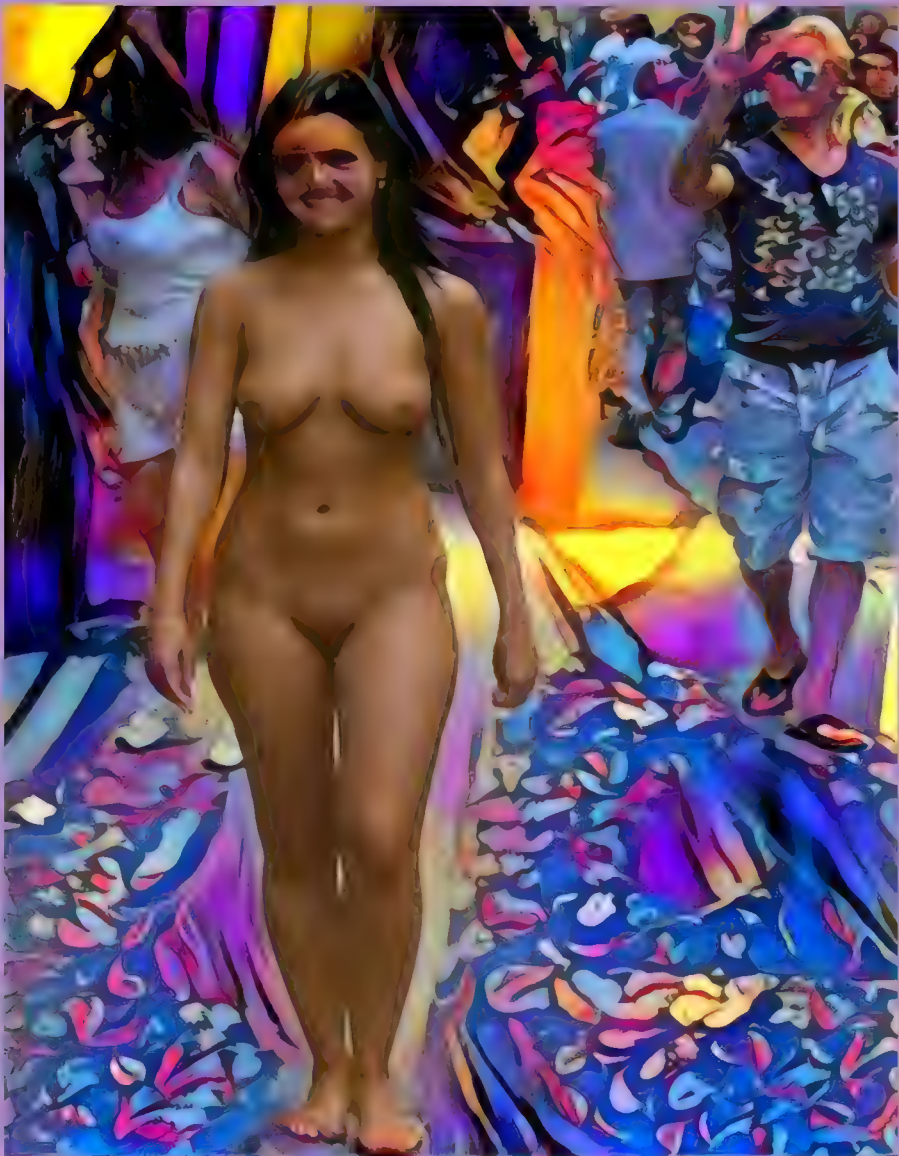
The signs are not as helpful as you might hope



Gravity is not such an important rule, Just a guideline really



It seems like there are naked women everywhere!



Bug Head people!

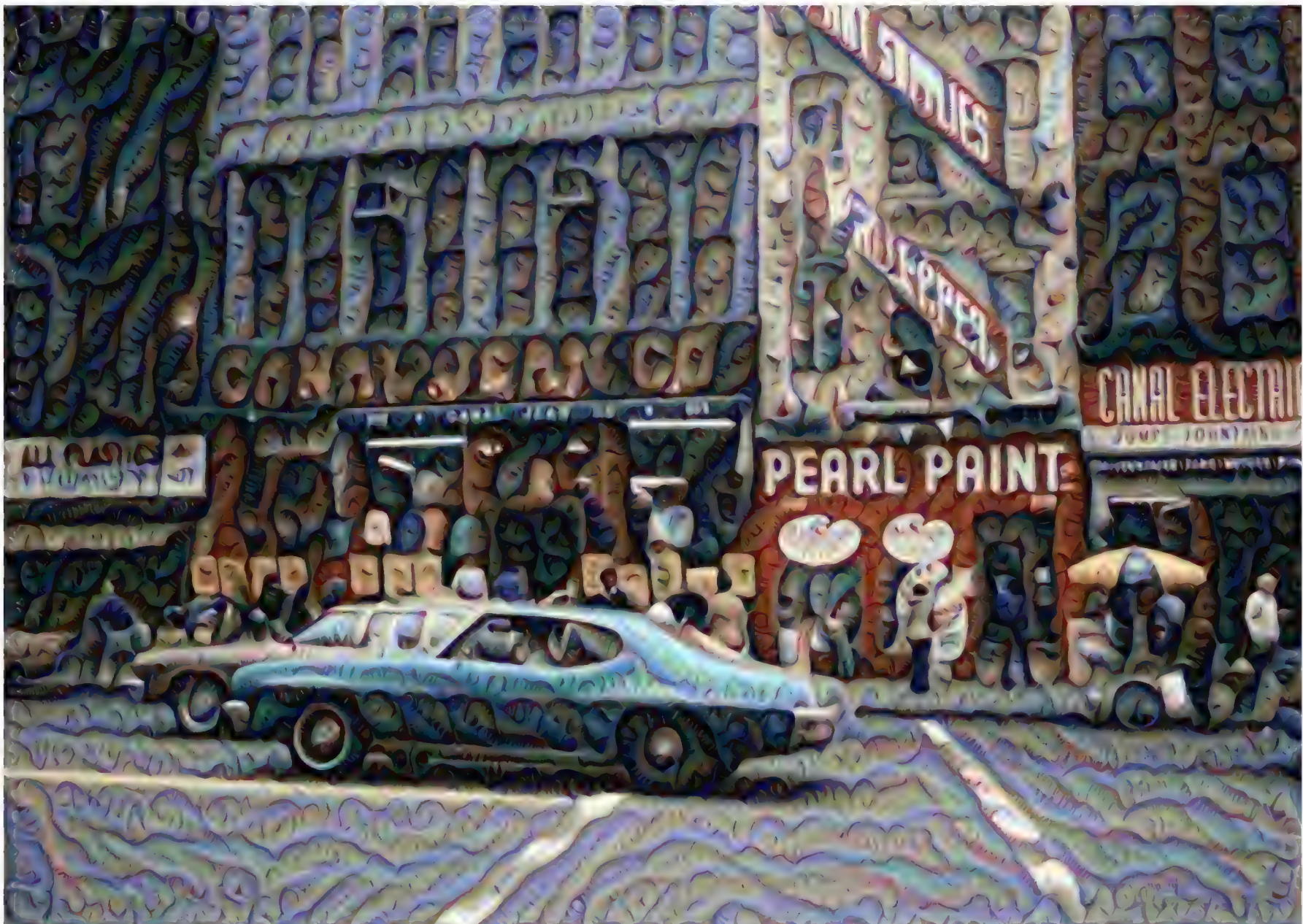
What is up with that?!?!?



# Dream Journal 10/26/2020

I am in my twenties and I am a restaurant worker which is what I mostly did when I was in my twenties in waking life, but my situation was different than my real life situation had been. I am living in what is apparently New York city on the fifth floor of a cheap apartment building that has store fronts on the ground floor.

It seems like the '70s. The town has that very lived in lived in look with lots of lower income working people living there and a kind of funky atmosphere. Definitely pre-Giuliani.



I live with my girlfriend, Tracey who does not correspond to anyone I ever had a serious relationship with in my real life, but she *does* strongly resemble a waitress I worked with in real life who I was just casual friends with. She is a pretty blonde with a cheerful attitude and a free spirit. She isn't all that smart, like she has never read a book, but she has a sweet personality. Not my first choice for the type of girl I would have wanted to be with, but she pays half the rent and loves to fuck. Things could be worse. Throughout the dream she is wearing a standard light blue waitress uniform.





I am trying to fix a cheap coffee maker that I rescued from being thrown out at work. It is a big urn type machine that makes and holds about twenty-five cups at a time and is tricky to get it to make only a few cups for me and Tracey, plus it takes up a lot of space in our tiny pad, but it was free and that counts for a lot. It breaks a lot which is why I'm fixing it and coincidentally why they were throwing it out in the first place.

As a sideline I make clown paintings that I sell to tourists by the park on Saturdays and Sundays. I pride myself on the fact that I don't just make up clowns, I get real clowns to come and model for me so if you were to just drop by my place at some random time there would be a good chance that there would be a clown in the house.





So I was fixing the coffee maker and Tracey is telling me that she is being fucked around on her hours at work. She is a waitress at a different place from the one where I work. It actually is in the ground floor of the building where we live.

She has called her union representative, a woman named Cassie, who I remembered as having worked at a topless cocktail bar downtown, but I hadn't seen her in years. Honestly it was not her face I remembered best about her. She showed up at the same time as my model, an unsavory and down and out looking clown who appeared to have been drawn by Robert Crumb. Cassie was wearing a mini skirt with fishnets and high heels and was topless except for a pair of gold sequined tasseled pasties. Her hair was teased way up and she had far too much makeup on. She had a folder with her that had a bunch papers from the union.



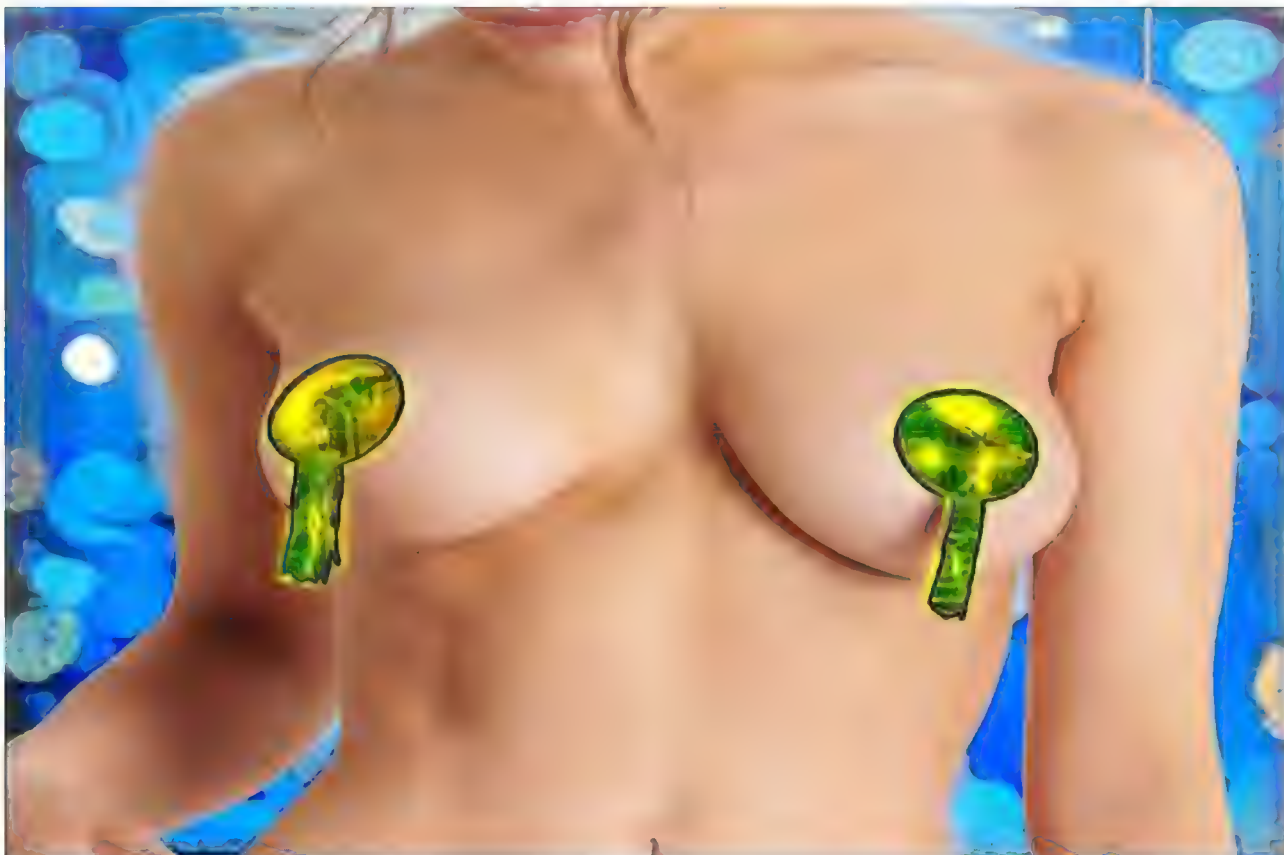
Cassie starts conferring with my girl and I set to work painting the clown who is named LaMarr and although in full costume and make up, looks like he has just been in a bar fight. He wants to be paid up front and also wants to know if he has to be nude. I consider it, but decide it wouldn't sell to the Sunday park crowd.



At around this point a huge passenger jet flies right past my window making a loud noise, but I am the only one who seems to have noticed. I shrug it off and continue to paint.



Cassie finally finishes up with Tracey and says that the union is going to send a letter to her boss. As she is getting up to leave, LaMarr points at her tits and asks, "Hey, can you twirl those tassels?"



She grins and says "You bet!" and shows us a few spins, one at a time, together, opposite directions. She definitely has skills.



I ask her, "Are you working late tonight?"

"I'm actually between jobs right now, I'm just heading home."

I'm confused. "Then why are you dressed like that?"

"Whaddaya mean? This is just how I dress."

"Oh."

LaMarr is about to say something when my alarm goes off.







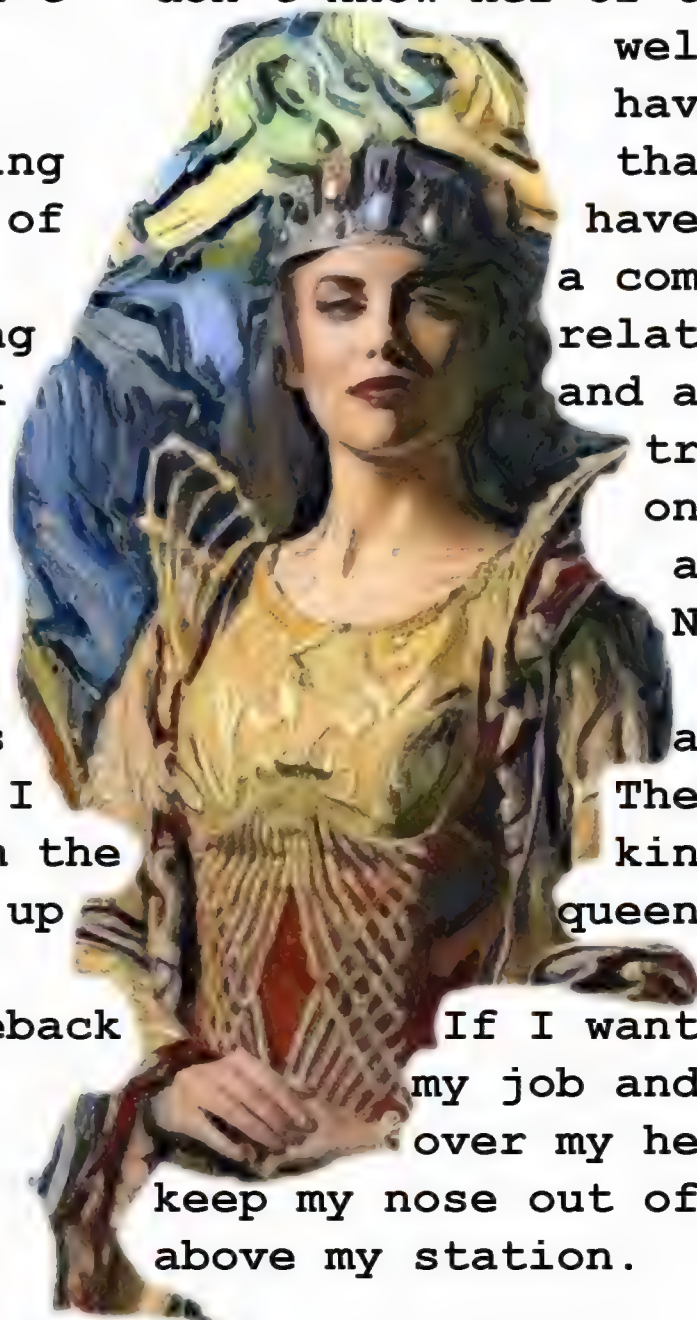


I live and work in a castle, but it is not like a single dreary/drafty building, rather it is a huge sprawling estate like the various castles in Game of Thrones. It is really quite a lovely place with many huge trees that provided lots of shade on hot sunny days of which there were many. It's mostly a happy place, but in spite of that almost everyone is constantly scheming. The scheming is mostly not about great matters. Many petty jealousies come into their full flower in this place.



I am not very important. I don't know what my specific job is, but it's something along the lines of feeding the dogs or shoveling horse shit. Work that has to be done, but I am no skilled craftsman, let alone a lord. Given that, it's a surprise that I get a visit from the queen who comes up to my place of work on horseback

The queen is a handsome woman of middle years. I don't know her or the king well, but I have heard that they have sort of a competitive relationship and are always trying to one-up one another. None of my business anyway. They are the king and queen and I was just me. If I want to keep my job and a roof over my head I just keep my nose out of things above my station.



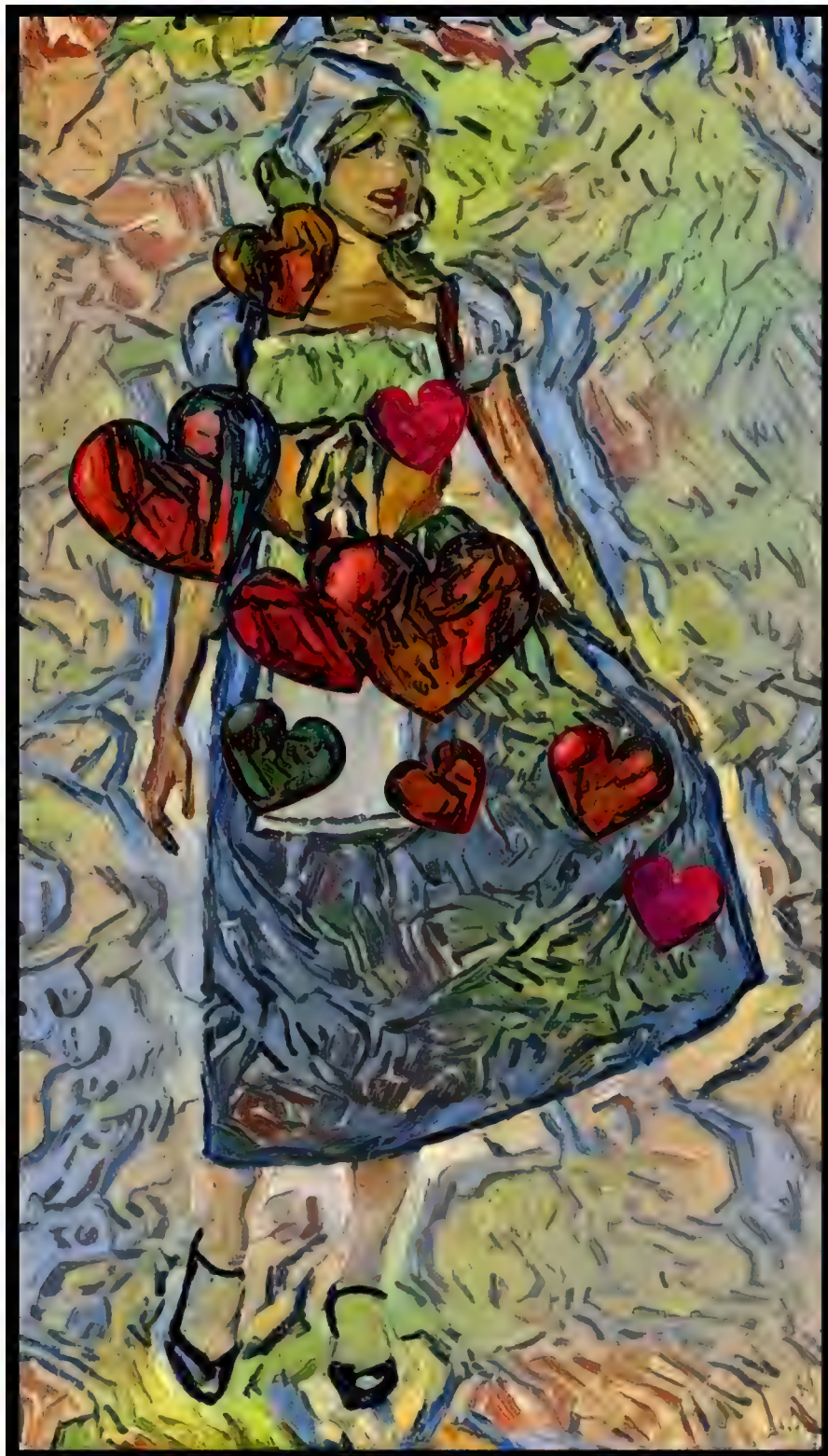




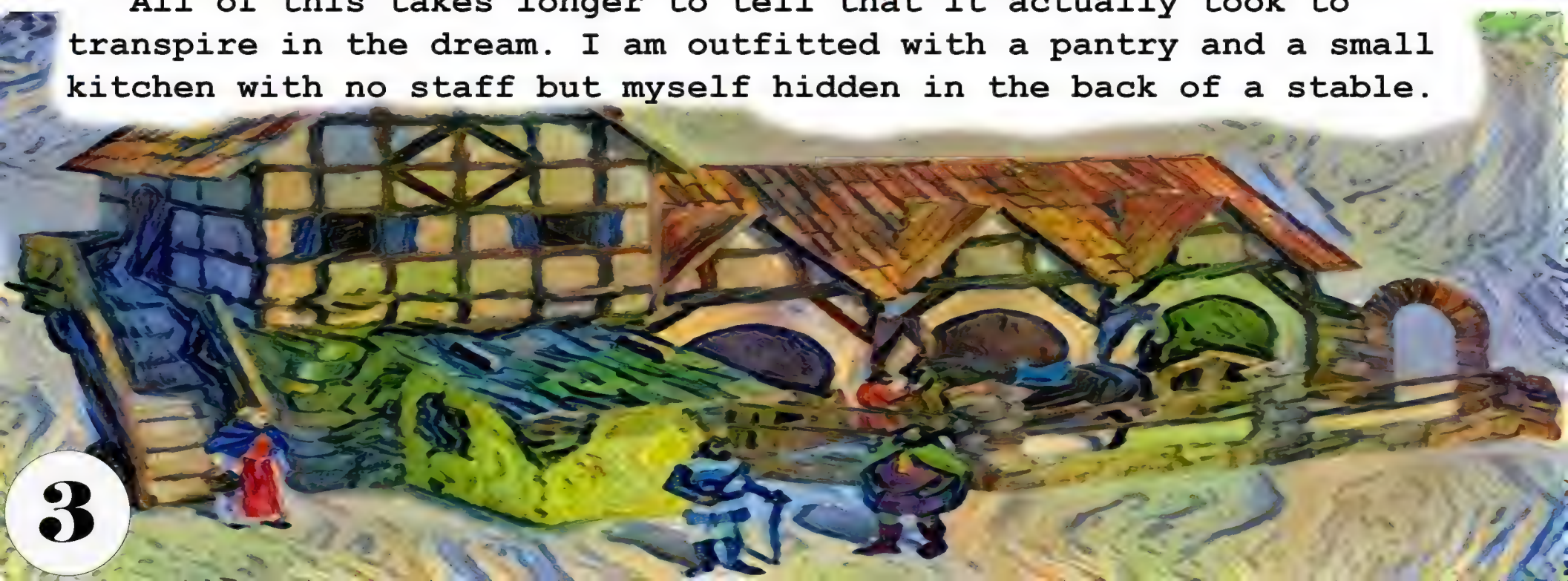
She has brought many baskets containing a wondrous fruit that is both sweet and savory, a gift from the king of a neighboring land. They are hoping to grow the stuff locally. As I savor the flesh of one of them at her behest she explains that she wants me to devise some dishes to tantalize the palate of the king.



"Why me?" I ask. There is a kitchen staffed by several excellent chefs. Yes, I have some talent in cookery, but I am still the guy who shovels the horse shit. It turns out that it is supposed to be a surprise and she doesn't want the king to literally catch a whiff of what's going on until the time is right so I will experiment and devise the recipes for the cooking staff that they will use only on the day of a great banquet that she's planning in secret. If I do this I will be rewarded with marriage to a milkmaid I lust after, a comfortable little house on the castle grounds and a less shitty job, but I am warned to not disappoint her or let news of my doings become known.



All of this takes longer to tell that it actually took to transpire in the dream. I am outfitted with a pantry and a small kitchen with no staff but myself hidden in the back of a stable.





Now there are these two guys, they are minor cooks on the kitchen staff that somehow hear a rumor that the queen had chosen me to work on a culinary project.

I think these guys are Blackadder and Baldrick, but sometimes they are a couple of the Three Stooges. It varies. Anyway they get it into their heads that if they get this project away from me it will improve their status and maybe even get them elevated to head chefs. Of course they know very little of what I was working on, only that they

see I get meats, vegetables and spices delivered to my little test kitchen and that occasionally a courtier would visit me to taste things.



flavors. The outer part is crisp, juicy and spicy sweet, the fibers have a deep umami savor and the seeds when like a hazelnuts



The fruit is amazing! It's structured a bit like a chili pepper with a thick edible rind and a hollow space inside that contains a network of spongy fibers and seeds. All parts of it are edible with different textures and flavors. The outer part is crisp, juicy and spicy sweet, the fibers have a deep umami savor and the seeds when roasted taste combination of hazelnuts and cashews. This is one dandy fruit!





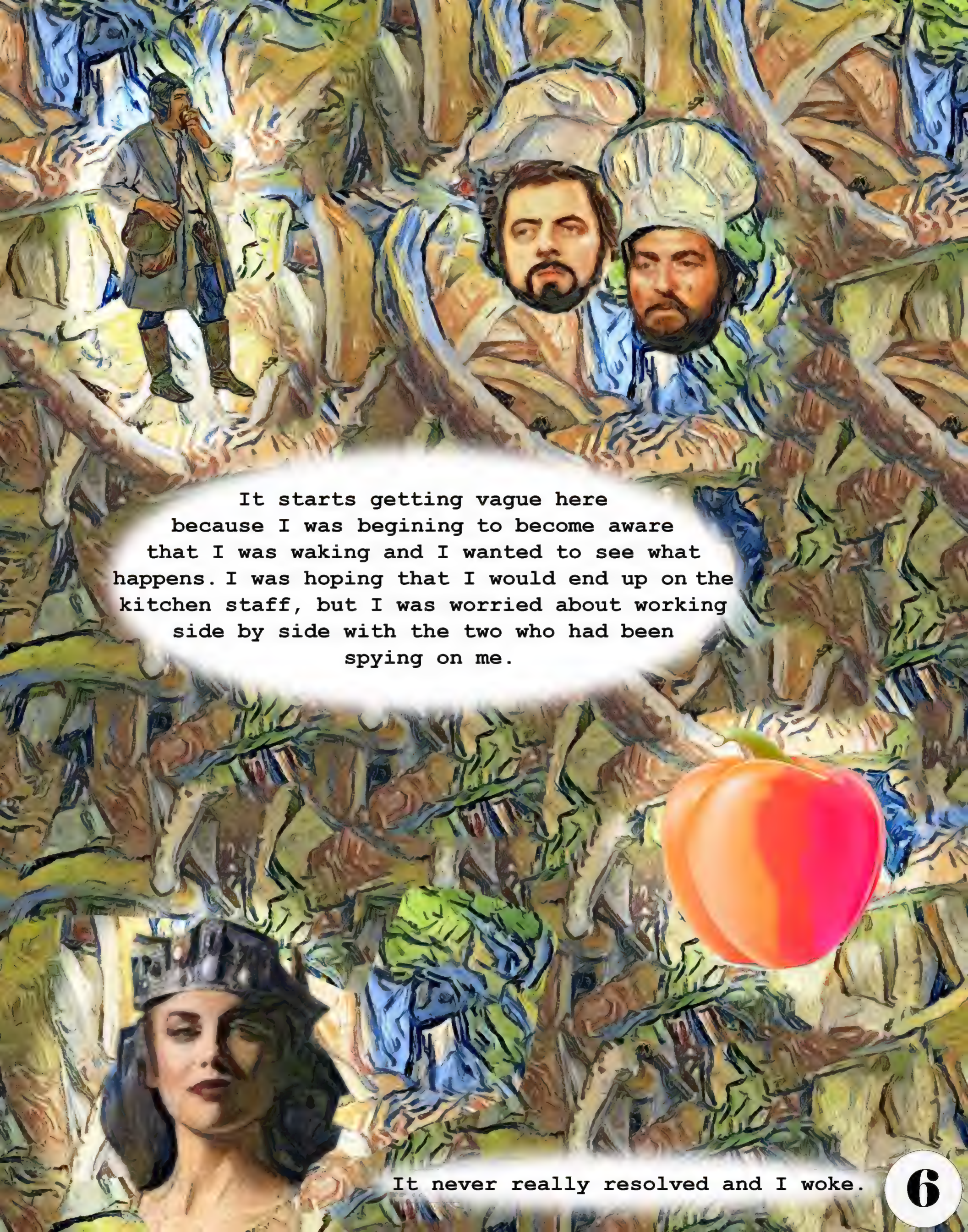
So these guys are always attempting to spy on me and find out what I was doing and one way or another causing a ruckus around the castle and the queen will show up and want to know what the hell is going on and I tell her about these guys being a pain in the neck and she has them hauled out and flogged a bit, but they are at it again a few days later and the cycle repeats.



In the meanwhile I had come up with several dishes. Appetizers, a couple of main dishes and some deserts. As well, I had made a sweet wine from some of the fruit! The queen was quite satisfied and assured me that I would receive my reward.







It starts getting vague here  
because I was begining to become aware  
that I was waking and I wanted to see what  
happens. I was hoping that I would end up on the  
kitchen staff, but I was worried about working  
side by side with the two who had been  
spying on me.

It never really resolved and I woke.



Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt and toe of frog,  
Weal of bat and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

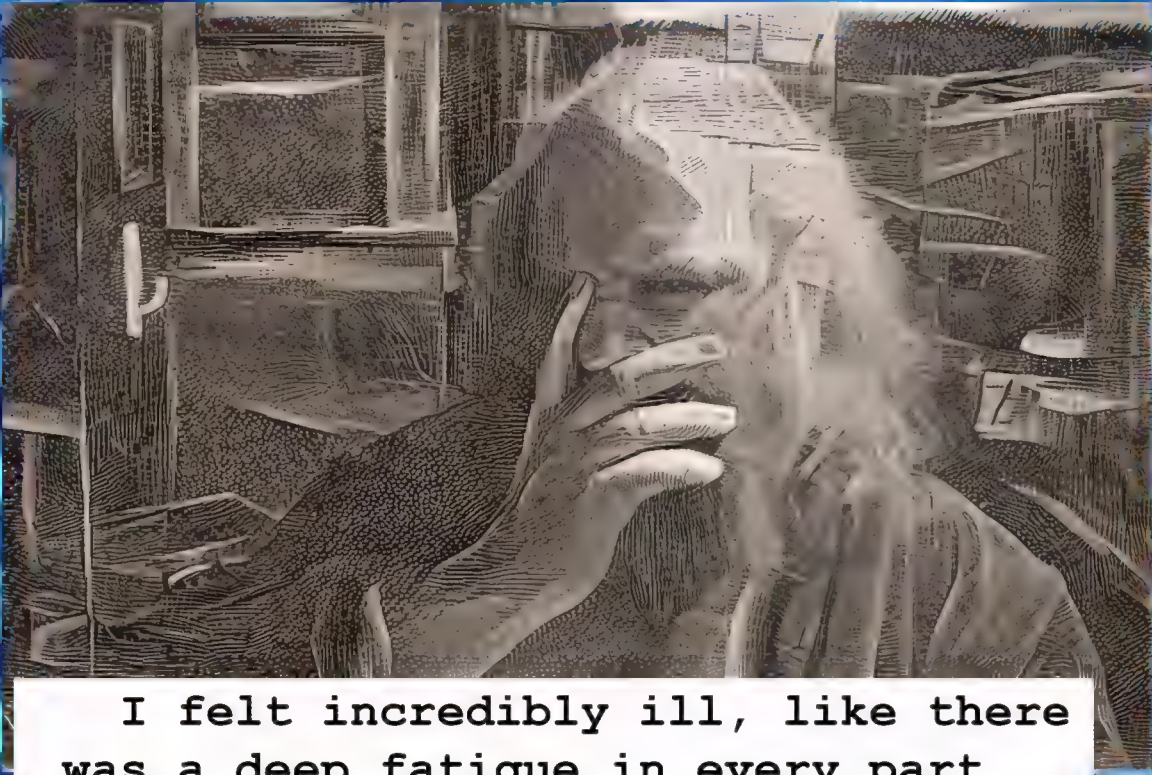








# Dream Journal 1/18/2021

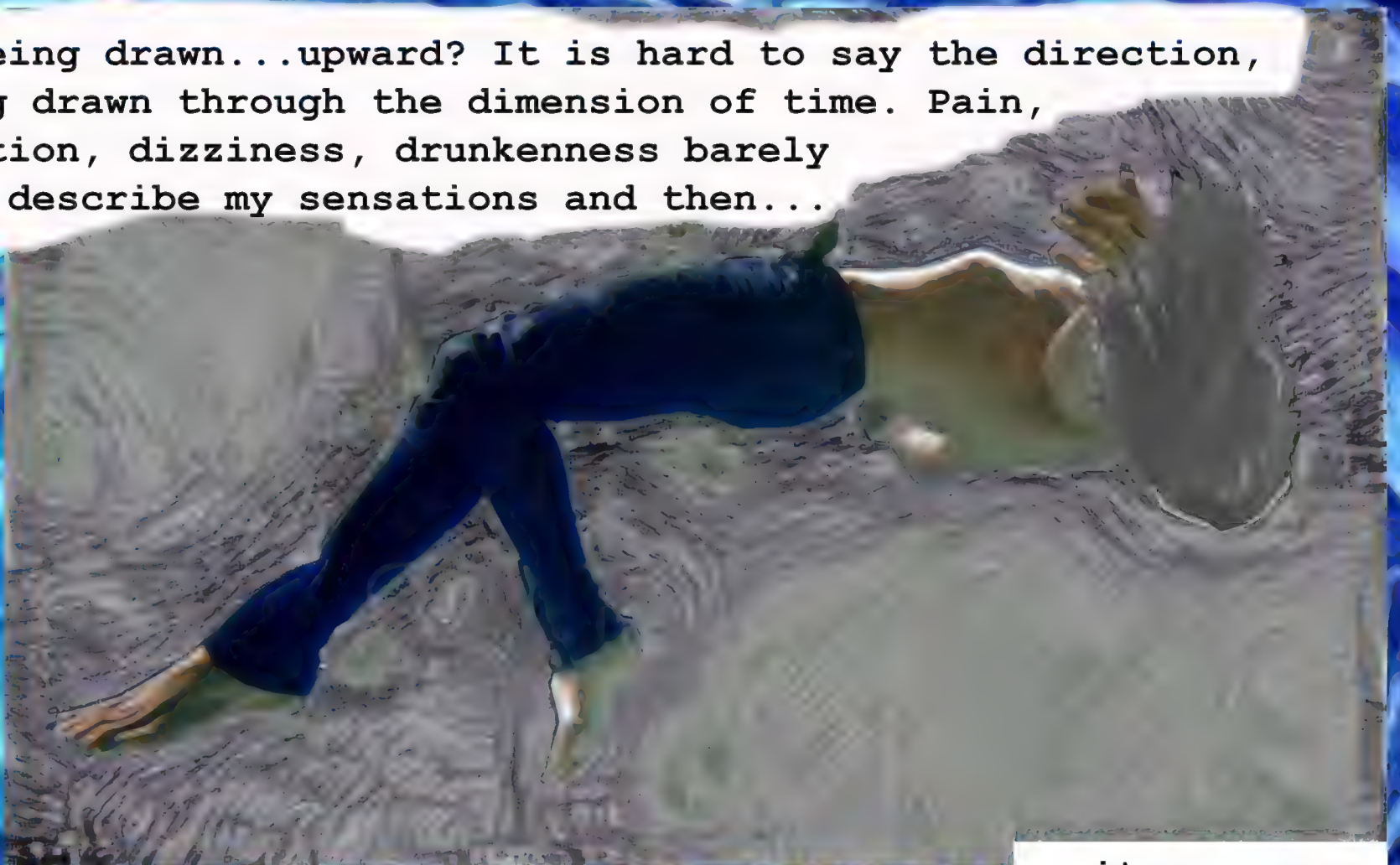


I felt incredibly ill, like there was a deep fatigue in every part of my body.



My muscles quaked and spasmed and it felt like I was somehow tearing myself apart as if I was being charged with thousands of volts of electricity. It was a sensation that my nervous system wasn't even designed to feel or understand.

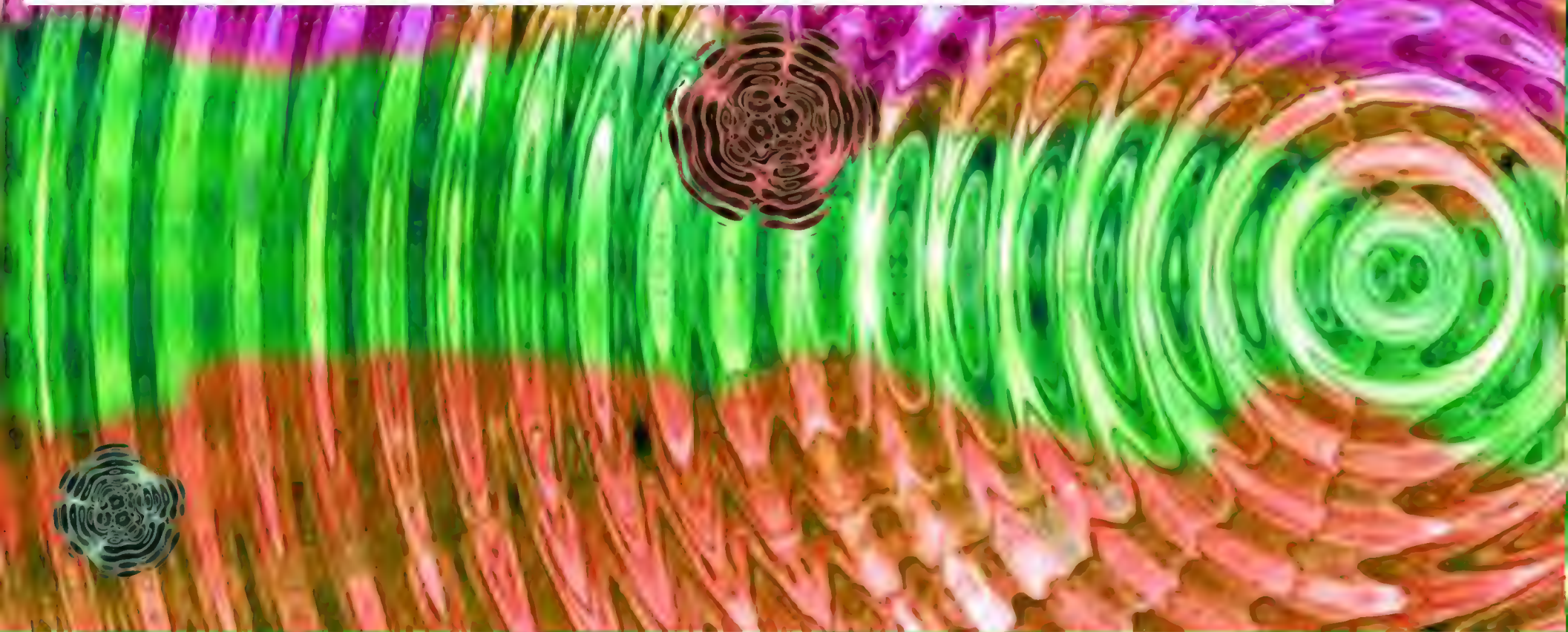
I was being drawn...upward? It is hard to say the direction, I was being drawn through the dimension of time. Pain, disorientation, dizziness, drunkenness barely adequately describe my sensations and then...



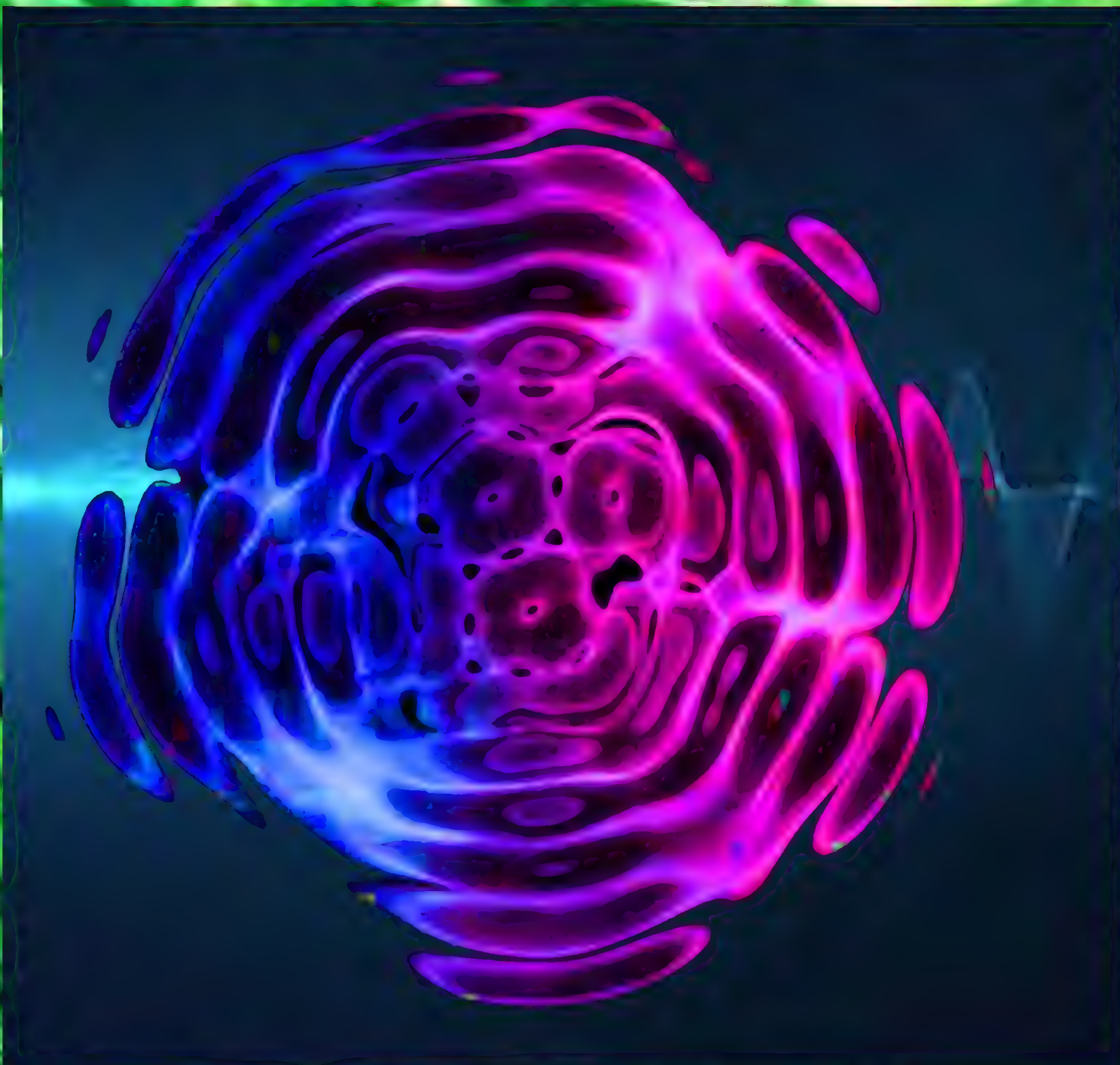
...it was over.



I was beyond my own existence. I knew that I had been .... displaced... into a futurity that was as far removed from my own time as the proper time of my own birth, life and death were removed from the beginning of the universe. At least fifteen billion years away from my actual life.



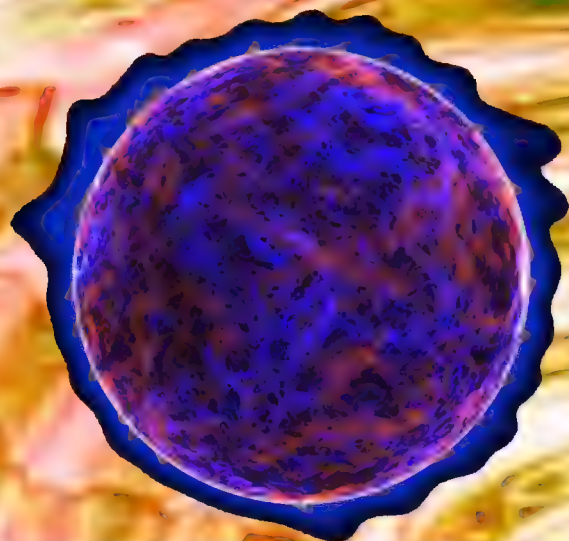
I knew all of this because it told me that it had brought me here to this locus in spacetime although I may not really be me, but rather a recreation of what and who I was. Like an animated fossil of my being and personality. It, that which induced me to exist here, was a structure of complex resonances.





There were actually several of them. In my mind I called them "gongs". You could call them beings of energy, but they did not seem like heat, radiation or electricity. More like very fine rippling vibrations in space and time. I could understand them perfectly, but it was clear that they had to explain things to me in a highly edited form for me to understand.

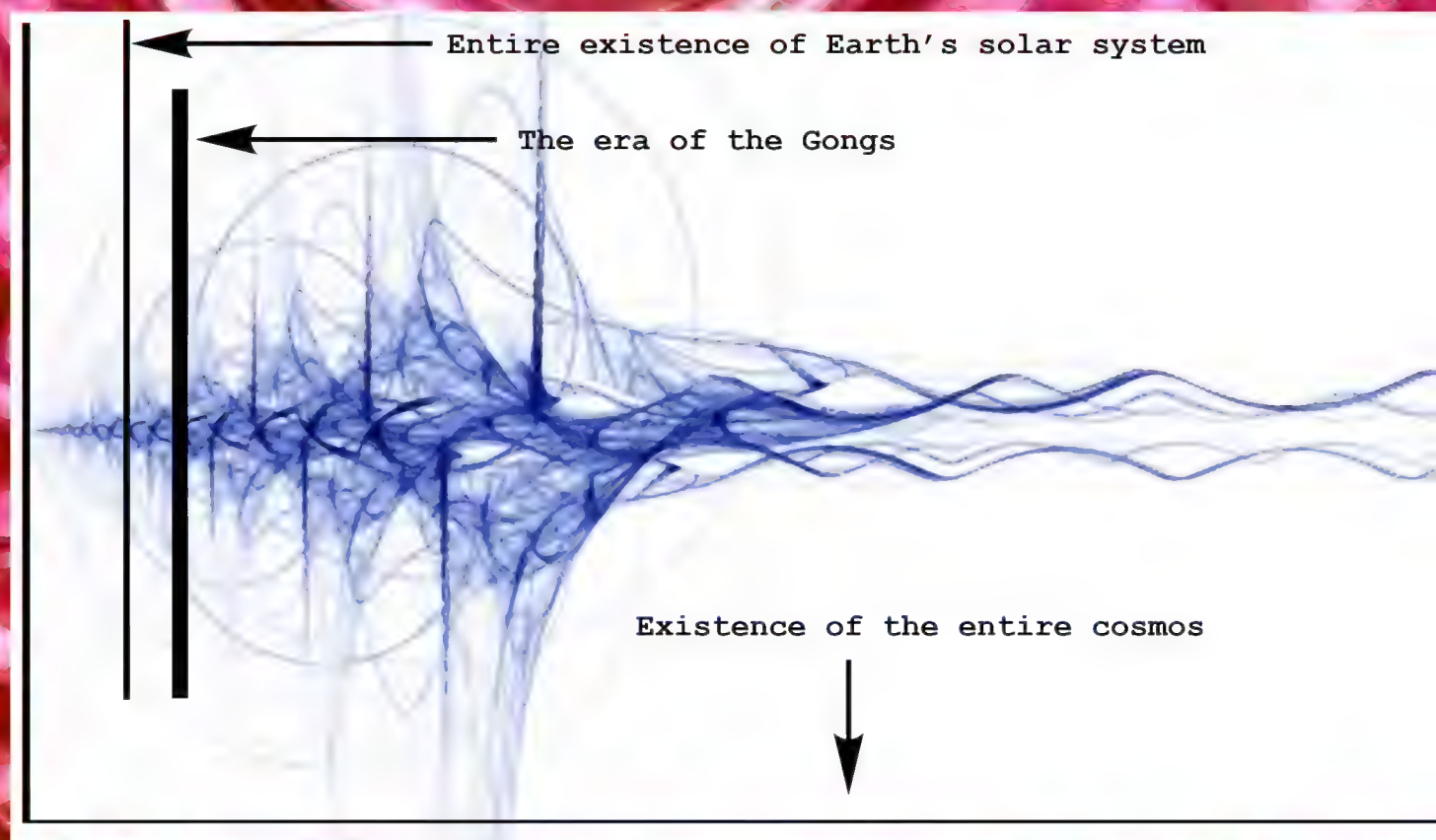
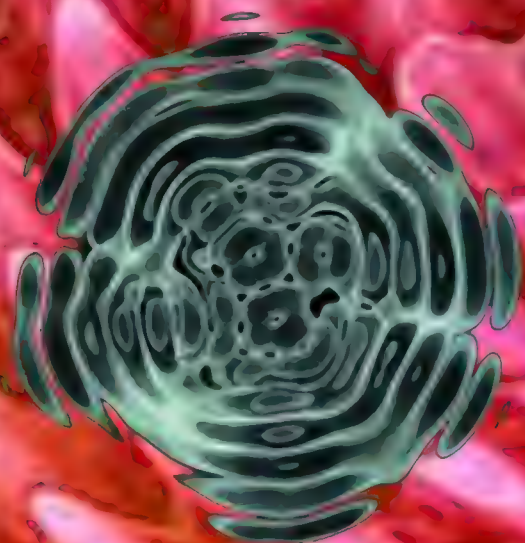
The world where I had existed was long gone in the depths of time, in fact that world's sun itself was also long gone having burned out and faded eons ago. The very kind of life that I had been no longer existed, wet things made of complex molecules and cells were no longer in ascendancy.



What had once been my whole world was gone



Life and intelligence had formed in different and more enduring sorts of forms that were not chemical in nature. There were still stars, planets and galaxies and there was even some life as I had been in them although I would barely recognize it as my own kin. Nothing that had originated on a speck that had been called Earth had contributed in any way to the world that I now occupied.



I was shown a sort of "book", a container of information that could be perused in a serial order that was comprehensible to my mind that was their version of what had come before their own time and the brief moment that comprised the entire history of my solar system, the even briefer moment that had contained the entire history of life on Earth and the still tinier segment that had encompassed the entire history of the human race. They wanted me to clarify what had happened in that flash of time that started with my barely conscious ancestors wandering in the African grasslands to hundreds of thousands of years later when the last of us had finally ceased to be. I looked at the record. I could only vaguely comprehend the era that was even ten generations after my own time, let alone the thousand that came after that. I tried to explain that I had only existed for a very short time rather nearer the beginning than the end. I hadn't even been there when we had ever so briefly achieved true and meaningful humanity and could not even understand the record of that era that was now before me.





The gongs beat at me with vibrations, questioning me, pummeling me with vibrations in disbelief that I did not even know anything about the most important aspect of what my people had been. I told them that even if I had fifty lifetimes of study, I doubted that I could make sense of it for them, that in my own time we had barely scratched the surface of what it meant to be human, had no idea how to become what was best about ourselves or even what being that would mean.

I told them that they would have to retrieve a different human from a different time far in the future from when I had existed to give them their answers.

They vibrated at me insistently until all was just an indistinct hum.

I woke from having nodded off at my desk with a terrible pain in my neck.

I had been out for a bit less than an hour.





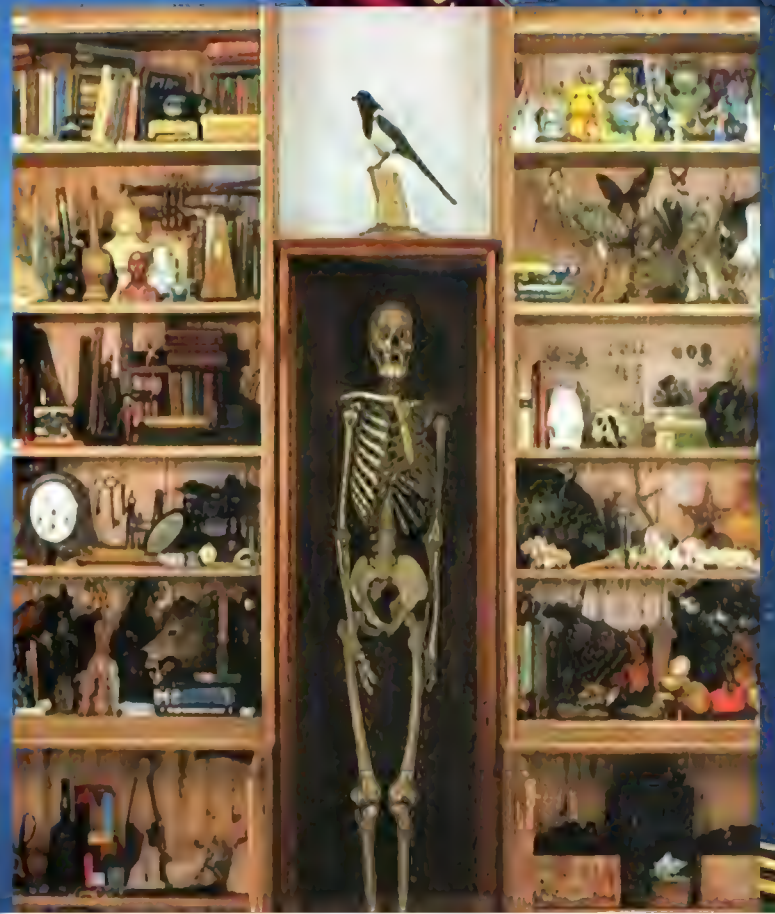




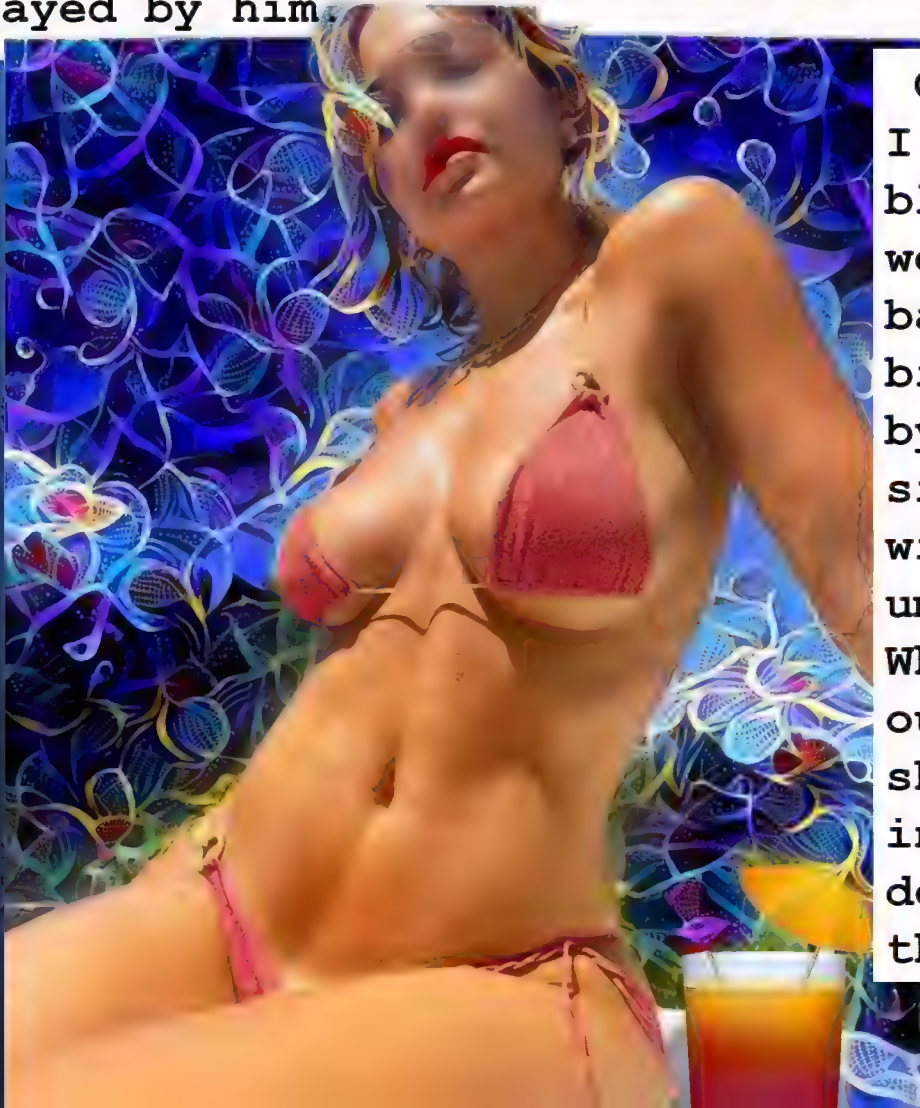
# Dream Journal 2/25/2021



I have been talked into going to work for this doctor who seems a little off, maybe slightly criminal. The guy who really tried to sell me on taking the job was Seth Rogen or at least was played by him.



The doctor seemed to be quite rich and his "office" was a cabinet of curiosities with many strange things preserved in jars and numerous small machines from all eras. He talked fast and loud. I got the distinct impression he was a cokehead.



Out a window I could see a blonde woman wearing a barely existent bikini lounging by a pool sipping a drink with a paper umbrella. Whenever I looked out the window she was always in the same spot doing the same thing.

The doctor wanted me to teach one of his patients how to build a rocket.







The man he wanted me to teach was insane, like he didn't see the world in any way as being like the one I saw. He was certain that angels spoke to him regularly and that he was the king of some fantasy land and now he needed to go to Saturn and I would help him build a rocket to go there!



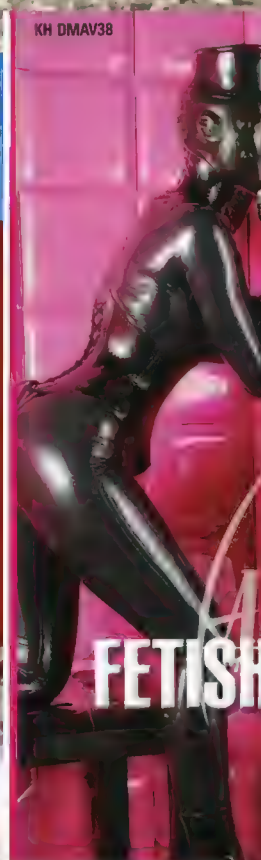
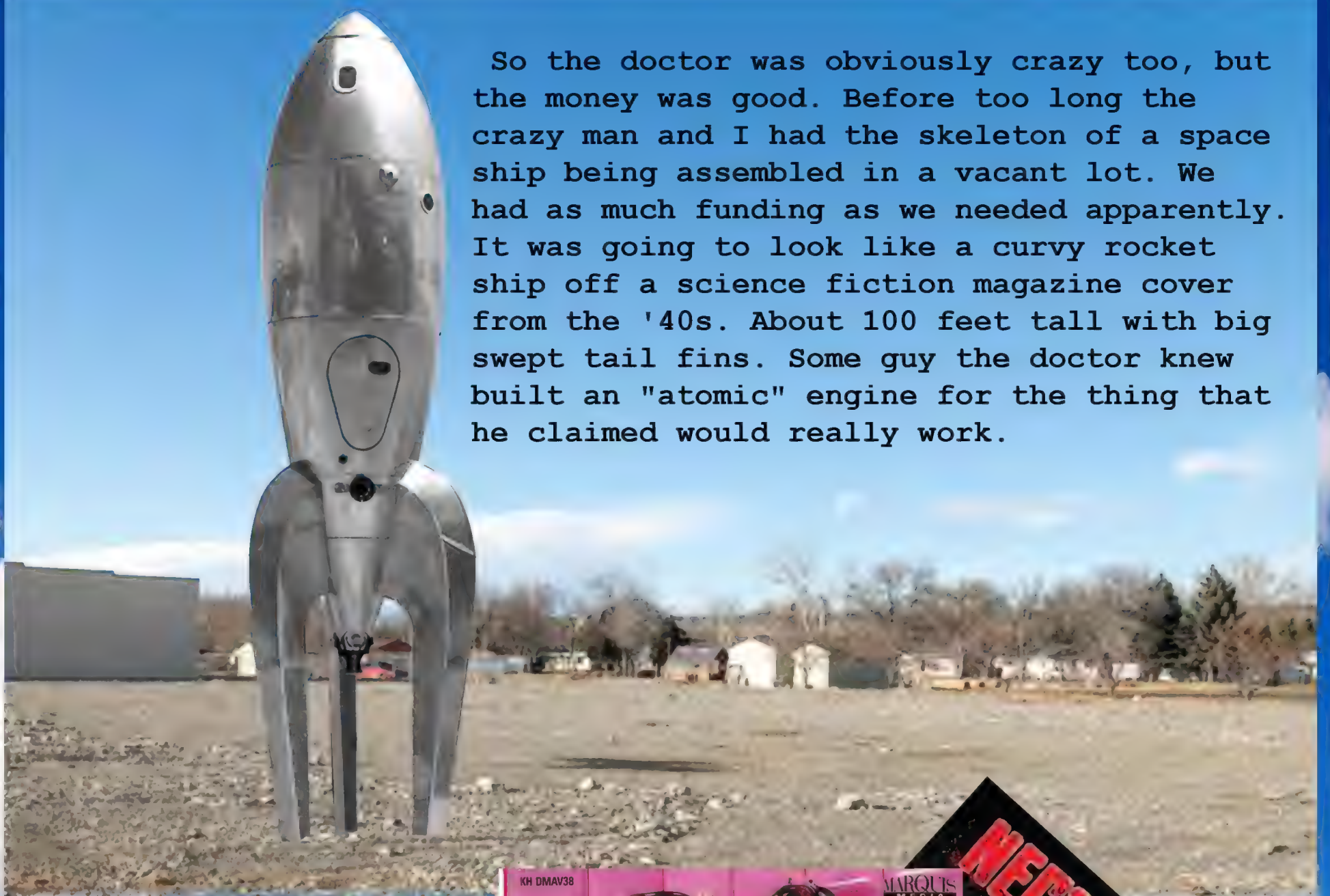
I was alarmed to hear this and I went to the doctor to explain that all of my experience in rocketry was in building *model* rockets. Toys. I didn't begin to know how to construct a manned space ship to go to Saturn! The very idea was mad.

"Of course it's mad! He's a crazy person!" He told me. "I'm paying you a \*lot\* of money." It's true, he was. He sent me home with a bag of fat Gold coins every day. "All you have to do is keep him busy and happy while I work out his drug regime and he comes to be more in touch with reality. That's not much to ask. Just work with him to design a space ship while I do my thing."





So the doctor was obviously crazy too, but the money was good. Before too long the crazy man and I had the skeleton of a space ship being assembled in a vacant lot. We had as much funding as we needed apparently. It was going to look like a curvy rocket ship off a science fiction magazine cover from the '40s. About 100 feet tall with big swept tail fins. Some guy the doctor knew built an "atomic" engine for the thing that he claimed would really work.



I spent some time looking at the weird stuff in the doctor's office including a long shelf of DVDs of porn that was so messed up looking that I didn't dare view any of it.





The doctor was becoming more enthused about the mission to Saturn and I was starting to suspect that he was not working on a drug treatment at all.

I was filled with anxiety, the ship was almost done and the poor crazy guy was going to get in it and kill himself! The engine starting up would probably kill all of us on the ground too.







I looked over at the woman sipping her drink and noticed that her only facial features were her full red lips. No eyes or nose.

I woke.













*Sweet Dreams*